

WAVY RAYS

for Edouard Roditi
(A.K.A. Wolfman Gold)

*Two dancing sugarcubes in the Mevlana Café,
that's what we are, Edouard, that's what we are
Crushed red paper rose, raki in front of your nose
The drummer is singing your tune, Edouard,
the drummer is singing your tune
Nor have I forgotten your breath covering the window,
Edouard, there in the half light
where we sometimes live or die without uttering a cry
Do you remember the shy Japanese photographer,
Edouard, the one who came over to you in a gay bar
and said, "Kingsize?"
And where is the human skull you carried thru customs
from New Guinea wrapped in dirty linen, Edouard?
Where is Chafik's smile, the one Caroline caught
in a wet plaster bandage, can you remember, Edouard?
Can you remember?
Are you still cruising the fallen foam from under
the brim of your straw hat, Edouard?
Have you finally deciphered the Mediterranean coast?
Chosen thrice, will we finally be set free, Edouard?
Will we finally be set free?
Are the muggers still lurking in the shadows, Edouard?
Did Lorca remember the night you spent together, Edouard?
Did Schröder Sonnenstern thank you for discovering him?
Will you be back after the weekend, Edouard?*

When the mold was removed from your face
 we could see your eyes shining w/ a special brightness
 like the eyes of a German shepherd
 glistening in the rainslick streets of Paris
 after the last Metro left the station
 You were the most cultivated Queen of your generation,
 polyglot & polymorphous, you had it all
 "Goodbye, Hart Crane," you said – "That's not for me."
 I remember when you showed up at my door in the Tangier
 medina completely by chance & drawn by the trance music
 played by the Jilala
 And I know I will see you again at the Cafe Maldoror
 surrounded by surrealist myrmidons or at the Bar de la Marine
 among the found objects salvaged from the great flea
 market of life – It's always good to see you, Edouard
 You are the excelsior which fills empty boxes,
 you shine like a light at the end of a long tunnel!

P.S. Timothy Baum just called from the airport.
 He wanted to say hello & convey the regards of Kurt Seligmann
 who sd., "Words do not fall into the void."

New York, June 12, 1994